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THE REMEMBRANCE OF FORMER DAYS.

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A  
S E R M O N,

Preached at *Broad-Mead*, BRISTOL,  
NOVEMBER 5, 1778.

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By CALEB EVANS, M. A.

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Published at the request of those that heard it.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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To which are added a POSTSCRIPT, containing a Letter to the Author from a *Romish Priest*, occasioned by the Publication of the Sermon; with some cursory Remarks upon it: and an ADVERTISEMENT at the close, relative to some further Letters from that Gentleman.

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" Oh Memory ! kind Monitor of Thought,  
That stor'st the pictur'd imagery of things  
Within the cells of fancy, guard, oh guard  
The British annals, rich with awful sense  
And truth historic, from th' unhallow'd touch  
Of Raven-plum'd Oblivion!"

" *Cœlum non Animum mutant, qui Papæ serviunt.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Discourse here offered to public view, has nothing to recommend it but the honesty of its intention, which may serve, it is hoped, in some measure, to cover those many defects which by the critical reader will most probably be discovered in so very hasty a composition.—Should it have the least tendency to awaken the attention, to excite the caution, to warm the gratitude, and enliven the faith and hope, of those who may honor it with a perusal, the author will by no means repent of yielding to the obliging solicitations of those of his friends, at whose earnest request it makes this public appearance.*

BRISTOL,  
Nov. 10, 1778.



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A  
S E R M O N, &c.

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HEB. x. 32.

*But call to remembrance the former days:—it follows,—in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions, partly whilst ye were made a gazing stock, both by reproaches and afflictions, and partly whilst ye became companions of them that were so used.*

THEY sang his praises, it is recorded of the Israelites, they soon forgot his works. What a reproach to their memory! What an indelible blot upon their character!—Shall we, my brethren, incur the same censure, act in the same manner? No; God forbid! But, whatever others do, and whatever we may have done in times past, let us now, e'er it be too late, call to remembrance the former days.

This indeed is the express design of the present service. We do not pretend superstitiously to consecrate this or any day, as though there was more holiness in one day, except the day of God, than another. But all we profess,



fels, all we desire to do, is to take occasion from the return of this auspicious day, which has been rendered so signal by repeated important interpositions of divine providence, and on this account stands so brightly distinguished in the English calendar; to call to our remembrance the former days, wherein we experienced a great fight of afflictions, and were in many respects most dreadfully exposed. This was the duty the apostle inculcated upon the believing Hebrews, and this is the duty, Sirs, to which I would now invite you. Was it the duty of the *Hebrews* to call to mind former days, wherein after they were illuminated, they endured a great variety of hardships?—Must it not then, upon the same principles, be ours?

The ends to be answered by such a recollection are many and great. For instance,

1. It may serve for instruction.

By calling to our remembrance what has been, we are taught what may be again. We are taught what men are, and what the tide of human affairs. What the pride and malice and cruelty and other passions of the human heart are capable of; and what worse than brutes, men, under the most specious pretences, may become to men. And at the same time, that a review of past events in general may be highly instructive, there is reason to think the review of dark and gloomy scenes may be peculiarly so. We are hereby taught the uncertainty of human felicity, how to act in the most critical circumstances, and when things are at the worst, never to despair.

2. It may serve for caution.

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By calling to remembrance the former days, we may be the better able to guard against those things which might conduce to the return of such days again. Forewarned, we are the more likely to be forearmed. Experience, it has commonly been said, will make even fools wise.— And yet it is strange to think how little attention is paid by the generality to what has taken place in former days, and how little advantage they derive from it with respect to futurity. But however inattentive others may be, do ye, my friends, call to remembrance the former days, and teach your children, and your children's children to do the same;—that they may learn to take heed, be apprized of danger before it comes, and know how to guard their various privileges and enjoyments with a watchful eye, and a wise, a firm, and well-instructed heart.

3. The recollection of former days may further serve to awaken our gratitude for present mercies.

Too many surfeit upon the privileges and enjoyments with which an indulgent providence is pleased to bless them, surveying them with "brute unconscious gaze," and not knowing how to set a proper value upon them, for want of calling to mind former days, when no such privileges were enjoyed but their dread reverse experienced.

Call to mind then former days, and, if you find the present happier, as amidst all our calamities and fears you most certainly will, let gratitude warm your hearts, and the genuine effusions of praise burst from your lips, and animate and adorn your lives. Call to mind former days, and then, contemplating your present mercies, let the language, the devout language of your lips and of your lives

lives ever be—Bless the Lord, O my soul! And, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits!

Or, should the former days at any particular period have been happier than the present, as they certainly have been; and should there be too much reason to fear the return of former days which have been dark and distressing: yet still, call to mind former days.

4. For the encouragement of your faith and hope in God.

In the darkest times, has He not appeared, scattered the clouds, and blessed us with returning day? And is his arm now shortened? Is his ear heavy? No; He that hath again and again delivered, is able still to deliver. Are we ready to sink in despondency? Call to mind former days, and be encouraged still to hope in God, that ye may yet praise him, as the health of your countenance, and your God. Call to mind former days, and as the apostle expresses it in the 35th verse of the chapter before us,—*Cast not away your confidence.*

Such are some of the many uses which may be made of calling to remembrance former days: to the exercise of which duty, happy would it be were there a more general and truly serious attention.

The study of History is one of the most improving as well as entertaining studies, the human mind can be engaged in. It extends our views, elevates our minds, blots out our narrow prejudices, and from a just and comprehensive view of the past, enables us to improve and enjoy the present moment, and prepare for the future. The far greatest part of the bible itself is history, which may serve to convince us in the most striking manner, of the importance

portance of this study, and the vast advantages to be derived from it. Every Christian ought to be a good historian, and if his knowledge of history be improved by him as it ought, the better historian he is, the better Christian will he be.—And for an Englishman to be deficient in this kind of knowledge, is particularly shameful. If we lived in those wretched countries where the will of a haughty Despot stands for a law, and the caprice of a Tyrant might instantly and without ceremony deprive us of liberty and life; perhaps it were best to remain ignorant: for then alas! the observation of the wiseman would be dreadfully verified, “He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.” But here, in this happy land, where we have not only the free use of the bible, but of all other books of instruction, and the free use of our faculties to judge of their contents, and if it be not to the prejudice of another, to act accordingly—in this distinguished isle, where by the very CONSTITUTION of the land, liberty is law, and law the charter of liberty;—to remain ignorant of the transactions of past ages, under such circumstances as these, and thereby to disable ourselves from enjoying present mercies, or warding off approaching judgments—argues a degree of stupidity and folly, which, for the honor of human nature, I am unwilling to suppose it possible should be ever realized.

I cannot therefore think it necessary to relate the events of past times, for the sake of informing so respectable an audience as that which I have now the honor to address: many of whom are, doubtless, better able to inform me, than I am to inform them. Yet will you not, I am persuaded, be offended with me, if with a view to assist your recollection, and to impress those things upon  
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the minds of the rising generation, the knowledge of which is of the last importance to their most essential felicity, I endeavour this evening in a few words, to glance at the awful events of past ages, and thereby, in conformity to the design of the present anniversary, to call to your remembrance the former days.

The prime blessing of human life, and which I had almost said includes all the rest, is LIBERTY. A word, which however it may have been abused by the licentious, and sneer'd at by those poor abject wretches, whose narrow souls are incapable of comprehending its dignity and importance,—a word, which ought to be infinitely dear to every Englishman, and to every Christian.—

“Even a madman, if such there be, (as a lively writer  
“finely expresses it,) in so excellent a cause as that of  
“liberty, is a respectable being in comparison with him  
“who grows mad on the tide of slavery and despotism.  
“The one is a generous, elevated, sublime character,—  
“the other dark, sullen, malignant, and implacable.  
“The one would rapturously take you by the hand, and  
“lead you forth into creation, to enjoy all that is beautiful and enchanting around you. The other would  
“seize you with the iron grasp of savage ferocity: drive  
“you before him like an ox or an ass; and plunge you  
“into the horrors of a dungeon. Which of the two  
“then should seem best entitled to confinement?” The  
“madman who smiles innocently in your face, and  
“wishes to do you every good, or the worse than madman  
“who

\* The author here alludes to a criticism on one of his former publications.

"who frowns, frowns, and grins at you, without wishing  
to do you any good?"

Liberty is generally distinguished into civil and religious. By civil liberty we mean liberty with respect to civil things. Liberty from arbitrary confinement at the mere will of a superior, independent of law and justice: liberty from unjust condemnation and death: and liberty to enjoy and to dispose of our own property. In every free state, and such, blessed be God, is ours; this liberty is enjoyed; nor can there be true freedom without it. Where an arbitrary tyrant can imprison whom he please, without even producing an accusation, or naming the accusers; where he can even deprive of life, merely to gratify his resentment and caprice; and where the property of his subjects is at his absolute disposal, not their own; what are such men, but poor, abject slaves, who may be rather said to breathe than live, reduc'd as they are to an equality with the brutes, the property, and at the disposal of the masters who happen to possess them? A more humiliating state, cannot, I think, be conceiv'd of!—And yet this, alas, was once the case, in too great a degree, with the unhappy inhabitants of this land! And had it not been for the generous struggles, under Providence, of our *Sydneys*, our *Hampdens*, and our *Russels*, must it not have been our case now? But, adored be the God of Providence, the snare was broken, and we are delivered. We can now boast of an act of *Habeas Corpus*† to secure us from

\* See a Sermon on the late Fall, by a Layman, printed for Almon.

† *Magna charta* only in general terms declared that no man shall be imprisoned contrary to law: the *habeas corpus* act, points him

from illegal imprisonment ; of the privilege of trial by the jury of our peers, or equals, to secure us from illegal oppression and death ; and the established right of the COMMONS of England ALONE \* to give and grant † to the state

out effectual means as well to release himself, though committed even, by the King in Council, as to punish all those who shall thus unconstitutionally misuse him.—*Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. 4. p. 39. See a fuller account of this act, vol. 3. p. 136.

\* The King and Lords only give their assent to money bills,—they are not permitted to frame or alter them ; but this privilege is limited to the PEOPLE, by their representatives, to act as a controlling power against the abuse of the regal prerogative, and the great power and influence of the nobility. See *Blackstone, De Lolme, &c.*

† These it is well known are the invariable forms of expression in all our money bills, and have ever been considered by our greatest lawyers and statesmen, as the most unequivocal proofs of the true freedom of the British constitution. The question is not however, whether it be right to pay reasonable and moderate taxes for the support of the government that protects us, or whether it would not be highly criminal to withhold them ; for it undoubtedly would. But the question is, whether we could be, in any proper sense of the words, a free people, were we not by our deputed representatives, to judge for ourselves of the real exigences of the state, and to have the disposal of our own property ? If any man, or set of men over whom I have no legal controul, have the absolute disposal of my property, how I can still be a free man, is a paradox which all the sophistry in the world will never be able to solve. Even if it should be proved that slavery is preferable to liberty, yet surely it can never be proved that slavery is liberty ; or that to have our property at the absolute disposal of those over whom we have no controul is to be FREE. And surely it can be no difficult matter to determine,



state their own property. Privileges, the immensity of which no words can describe, and which all the powers of earth and hell will never be able to wrench from the grasp of free-born Britons, whilst there is any sense or virtue remaining amongst them.

Next to civil liberty, and so closely connected with it that the latter can never have any stability without the former, is religious liberty. By which is meant a liberty to think, judge, and act for ourselves in matters of religion. —And is it not astonishing that it should ever have entered into the heart of any one man to invade the religious liberty of another? —Can we answer for one another at the last day? Can we *really* think for one another now? Can we reasonably expect that men's minds and ideas of things should be exactly alike, any more than their countenances, complexions, or voices? Is there any more reason why the Pope and his Conclave should make a creed for me, than that I should make a creed for them, and insist upon their subscribing it? Any more reason why they should shut me up in the cells of an inquisition, put me to the rack, tear my flesh off my bones, and at last very piously burn me to ashes, because I do not believe exactly as they do, than that I should thus treat them, were it in my power, because they do not believe exactly as I do? — There never was, I believe, a human being upon the face of the earth, so exceedingly besotted as to think religious

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persecution

which is most honourable for a Prince, —to receive the necessary supplies for the support of government as the free and grateful offerings of a happy people, or to extort them with the despotism of a tyrant from slaves who dare not refuse them.

persecution justifiable with respect to himself. You never knew a poor bigoted Papist so exceedingly ignorant and stupid, as to think it right that he should be persecuted by a Protestant. And yet what possible reason can be given why a Protestant should not persecute a Papist, but will be equally a reason why a Papist should not persecute a Protestant? What possible reason, why I should not persecute you, but must be equally a reason why you should not persecute me?

I may here observe, that the principles upon which our ancestors acted, whether right or wrong, in the restraints under which they judged it necessary to hold the Papists, were not the supposed absurdity of their religious tenets\*. No; let their religious principles be ever so absurd, were there no other objection, they would be entitled to the fullest toleration equally with those who hold what may be esteemed the most rational principles. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. The absurdities of Transubstantiation † purgatory, and other Romish figments, are not to be destroyed

\* "It is plain the legislature considered them more as a *political* than a *religious* sect." Dean Tucker.

† "Transubstantiation, says the celebrated Archbishop Tillotson, is like a millstone hung about the neck of Popery, which will sink it at the last. And though some of their greatest wits have undertaken the defence of it in great volumes, yet it is an absurdity of that monstrous and massy weight, that no human authority or wit are able to support it. It will make the very pillars of St Peter's crack, and requires more volumes to make it good than would fill the Vatican." Discourse on *Transubstantiation*, vol. 3. p. 359. octavo edit.

stroyed by the sword of persecution, but by the force of sound reason and scriptural argument. But our ancestors judged it necessary to watch these men with a jealous eye, principally because of their well known and avowed principles of persecution, by which they become dangerous to society, and on which account it becomes necessary to guard against them, for the sake of our own preservation.

If they have seen their error, and are become more mild and gentle, I congratulate them, and I congratulate human nature in general, upon the happy alteration.—Individuals, many individuals I doubt not, there are in this communion, who from a natural humanity of temper, abhor persecution, and are willing to do to others, as they would have others do to them. And if this is really the character of the English catholicks in general, they are certainly entitled to the indulgencies they have lately received, and, indeed, to a further extension of their privileges. But how far such an alteration can be supposed to have really taken place, must be left to the impartial determination of every upright enlightened mind. It has been, I know, urged, that in the celebrated letters published under the name of the late Pope *Ganganelli*, there are many fine sentiments on the subject of religious liberty, and many vivid, powerful arguments against persecution. These letters I have read with singular pleasure, many of them, whether actually written by the Pope or not, being perhaps some of the finest compositions of the kind that were ever published. But in this very publication, notwithstanding all the strong things that are said on the subject of persecution, this is considered by the Pope as an indubitable axiom—IT IS NOT ALLOWED TO  
TOLERATE



TOLERATE ERROR \*. Now what error is, and who is the proper judge of error, in the opinion of a Roman pontiff,

\* See Ganganelli's letters, vol. 1. p. 49. of the anecdotes. "He used to say, (i. e. Ganganelli) We too often lay aside charity to maintain faith; without reflecting, that if IT IS NOT ALLOWED TO TOLERATE ERROR, it is forbidden to hate and persecute those who have unfortunately embraced it."—And letter 89 vol. 2. p. 26—writing to a confessor, he thus expresses himself, "Insist without intermission, on the necessity of shewing *due respect* to religion, not by inspiring a spirit of persecution, but by recommending an evangelical courage, which spares the person *but* STOPS THE SCANDAL. Repeat frequently that the LIFE of a Sovereign, like his crown, is very insecure, if he suffers JESTING about the worship due to God, and does not PUT A STOP TO IRRELIGION."—Let the intelligent reader judge what a *Papist* would esteem a DUE RESPECT to religion, and JESTING about the worship due to God,—and how, if not by persecution, the scandal is to be STOPPED:—and yet, if it be not, the very LIFE and CROWN of a Sovereign are represented as in danger.

I will beg leave just to add—Can any one read the *Pope's* description of ROME, without immediately thinking of the apostle *John's* description of BABYLON?

"You will then descry ROME, which may be seen a thousand years, and always with new pleasure. This city, situated upon SEVEN HILLS, which the ancients called the seven mistresses of the world, seems from thence to command the universe, and BOLDLY TO SAY TO MANKIND, that she is the QUEEN and the capital."

Ganganelli's letters, vol. 1. p. 11.

"That GREAT CITY which reigneth over the kings of the earth. For SHE SAITH I fit a QUEEN, and shall see no sorrow. That GREAT CITY BABYLON, that mighty city. Here is the mind

pontiff, I need not tell you: and if error is not to be tolerated, it is plain to a demonstration, that it must be suppressed. And if this be not persecution, what is? The good Pope would not have you persecute, whilst you can insinuate, but in the issue, if nothing else will do, be the consequence what it may, ERROR MUST NOT BE TOLERATED, there must be no JESTING,\* about the worship due to God, (in other words about the consecrated wafer,) and woe be to that prince who does not PUT A STOP TO IRRELIGION, that is to all opposition to the absurdities and impieties of popery.

I think myself also bound as a faithful watchman to call to your remembrance another circumstance, equally remarkable and interesting. And that is, that so lately as in the

"which hath wisdom, the seven heads are SEVEN MOUNTAINS ON WHICH THE WOMAN SATTETH."

*St. John.* See Rev. xiv. xvii. xviii. chap.

\* However, with the Pope's leave, I shall take the liberty to present my readers with the following poignant irony from Archbishop TILLOTSON:

"If it seem good to us to put our necks once more under that yoke which our fathers were not able to bear; if it be really a preferment to a Prince to hold the Pope's stirrup, and a privilege to be disposed of him at pleasure, and a courtesy to be killed at his command; if to pray without understanding, to obey without reason, and to believe against sense; if ignorance, and implicit faith, and an inquisition, be in good earnest such charming and desirable things; then welcome Popery, which, wherever thou comest, dost infallibly bring all these wonderful privileges and blessings along with thee!"

TILLOTSON'S Works, vol. 3. p. 392. octavo edit.

the year 1776, the Inquisition was revived in Spain with all its horrors. "The cells of the Inquisition, in consequence of this resumed power, were soon filled with prisoners; some of them persons of eminence; nay even one of the ministers of state, who had manifested a contempt of some superstitious rite which was rendered profitable to the priests, was hurried to prison by a grandee of the first rank, who, perhaps to save himself from suspicion, gloried in the title of officer to the Holy Court of Inquisition. Two gentlemen of the law, distinguished by birth, and esteemed for their abilities, underwent a strict confinement and examination; it was said that they baffled all the sophistical arguments of the inquisitors, and were soon after found dead in their cells\*."

I own, I am an infidel as to the supposed alteration in the spirit of popery; and shall ever continue so, till more authentic documents are brought to prove it, than have ever yet been produced. I cannot help thinking it my duty, in the narrow sphere in which I move, to cry aloud, and spare not: to beseech my countrymen to call to remembrance the former days, lest e'er they are aware, through their own supineness and indolence, these days should, with redoubled horror, again return.

In former days, as the pages of faithful history inform us, not only was the civil liberty of this unhappy country overturned, but with it religious liberty also. In former days, the Inquisition, be it good or evil, such charming and desirable things; then welcome Popery, which, wherever it comes, does good. The above is extracted from an admirable letter, which lately appeared in the public prints, entitled—"The unchangeable nature of Popery."



days, not only were arbitrary oppressive imposts laid upon the people, and all the miseries of slavery experienced with respect to civil things—but, ah! dreadful to think of it! Popery was established by law, and the flames of persecution were kindled throughout the land. To tell you what Popery was, whatever it may be pretended it now is;—to tell you what horrors it wrought in former days;—I need not exhibit to you the history of its bloody transactions in other countries: I need not remind you of the carnage it made in Germany, France, Spain, and throughout the European continent: I need not call up to your view the thousands and the tens of thousands that were slaughtered for the sake of a good conscience, amongst the Waldenses and Albigenses: I need not remind you of the inhuman massacre of thousands upon thousands in cool blood, and in the dead of night at Paris \*, for which

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\* “ On this occasion twenty-five thousand, according to *Metz-ray*; thirty, according to *Thuanus*, (both Popish historians) were barbarously murdered; among whom were five or six hundred noblemen, or gentlemen of the highest distinction. Such a complication of hellish doings (who could have thought it?) found panegyrist among the abettors of Popery; *Peter Charpentier* wrote an apology for it: *John Des Caurres* praised it in an ode: the most luxuriant encomiums were bestowed upon it, in a speech pronounced before *Philip II.* The holy Father himself, *Gregory XIII.* was no sooner informed by *Cardinal de Lorrain* of this massacre, than, he went in procession to *St. Lewis’s* church, where (*quake thou, O earth; tremble, ye heavens; and ye stars, withdraw your shining!*) he returned the merciful Maker and Redeemer of mankind, public and solemn thanks for that bloody work. Nay,

very transaction public thanksgivings were offered up at Rome : But I may refer you to events nearer home. I may refer you to the horrid massacre in *Ireland* \*, which exceeded

that horrible transaction was represented at *Rome* in a magnificent picture, with this inscription, *The triumphs of the church*; which indeed was very proper, if it meant, *The triumph of the church of Rome over Christianity and humanity itself*. If these people did not glory in their shame, sure, no body ever did it,—*Thuanus* shewed himself a much better man, when he applied to this tragedy the following lines of *Statius*;

Excidat illa dies aevo, nec postera credant  
Saecula certé nos taceamus, et obruta multâ  
Nocte tegi propriæ patiamur crimina gentis.

ÆVUL2

" May that day be ever remembered among those that are past ! May the cruelties that were then committed, meet with no credit in the ages following ! At least, let us be sure, never to mention them ourselves, and to suffer the crimes of our nation to remain concealed under the veil of the darkest night."

See *Bayle's* Dict. art. *Charpentier*, and art. *Caurres*. His *Critique generale du Calvinisme, de Maimbourg*, lett. xxiv. 275. p. 489, 490. *Larrey's* *Reponse a l'Avis aux Refuges*, p. 275.—And a most excellent pamphlet, entitled, *Popery always the same*, p. 59, 60.

\* " If any one be willing to be more satisfied of popish cruelty, let him but consider the maxims, loudly proclaimed by their priests in *Ireland*, when their intrigues for carrying on the most detestable massacre against the Protestants of that kingdom, on the 23d of October, 1641, were ripe for execution. A true patriot

exceeded even that of *Paris*, and the guilt of which, all the arts of Jesuitism will never be able to transfer from the Papists. Yes, I may refer you to the fires of *Smithfield*, in the very heart of our own kingdom, where so many holy martyrs, as well as at *Oxford*, *Glocester*, and other places, were offered up as burnt sacrifices upon the inhuman bloody altar of popish superstition and cruelty.

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Read

would wish, that they were posted up in every one of our streets, that people of all ranks, and of all ages might read them. They were these: *that Protestants were heretics, not to be suffered to live any longer among Roman Catholics; that it was no more sin to kill an Englishman, (viz. who was a Protestant) than to kill a dog: and that it was a mortal and unpardonable sin to relieve and protect any of them.* They acted accordingly; for, within the space of two months, they massacred in cold blood, above ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND Protestants."—See Sir *John Temple's* history of the *Irish* rebellion, p. 70. And the sermon of *Henry Lord Bishop of Meath*, preached the 23d of October, 1733, on the deliverance of *Ireland* from Popery, p. 16. and 33. and the postscript p. 87. 92. 119. This postscript contains a collection of the several murders perpetrated in the several provinces of *Ireland*, published by *Dr. Borlase*. Its authenticity cannot be questioned, seeing it was taken from examination upon oath, by virtue of commissions under the great seal of *Ireland* for that purpose. And from this account it appears that the actions of these men were worse, if possible, than their words; none of those, whose tender mercies are cruelty, having ever used a dumb creature with the same barbarity, as the Papists used many of our people at that time.

*Popery always the same, p. 63, 64.*



Read the book of Martyrs, contemplate the holy character of the sufferers on the one hand, and the complicated horrid nature of their sufferings on the other; Read, and let your children read the lives of a sullen, bloody *Mary*, an implacable *Gardiner*,—a cruel *Bonner*, and the rest of those ugly persecuting monsters whose lives deform the British annals. Read to your families an account of the transactions of this day. Erect this memorable period of the English history, as an eternal pillar of remembrance. The attempt, how horrid! To blow up with gunpowder, the King, the Nobles, and representatives of the people, with one general explosion! And thereby to introduce a religion, or rather a most horrid superstition, which could justify such savage barbarity! The truth of the fact, that such an attempt was made, that it was providentially discovered, and that the authors of it even gloried in it, and were actually executed for it—is as certain, as any historical fact can be that ever was recorded. The King's speech upon the occasion when he afterwards met his parliament, the public service appointed for this day in commemoration of it, with other authentic documents, render infidelity with respect to it as unreasonable, as it is ridiculous.

But this is not the only great event which as Britons and Protestants we are called to commemorate on this day. No; but I must add—yes,—and had I a voice as loud as thunder, I would sound it in the ears of my countrymen from shore to shore, saying—Call to remembrance the former days, in which the civil and religious constitution of your country was rolled to the very edge  
of

of a most tremendous precipice, and, had not providence, I had almost said, miraculously interposed, must have been dashed to ruin! I need not tell you, I refer to the glorious revolution under KING WILLIAM—and surely Britons, whilst any spark of gratitude lives within them, will be ever ready joyfully to add—of IMMORTAL memory!

Methinks I see the infatuated, bigotted, obstinate Prince that filled the throne before this auspicious period—elate with pride and self importance, big with swelling schemes of establishing in church and state an absolute despotic sway,—surrounded with crowds of artful priests and crouching vassals, who are ready to echo all his mandates,—overwhelmed with fulsome addresses from every part of the kingdom—and on the very point of realizing all his fatal intentions! Methinks I see the seven venerable Bishops, who in that age of general corruption, had courage and virtue to resist the torrent of despotism, that was bearing down before it, their religion, their liberties, and all that could be dear to them as Protestants and as Englishmen: I see those patriotic and virtuous prelates, torn from their families, and the discharge of their pastoral functions, and thrust into prison;—whilst thousands in every corner of the land, with aching hearts and weeping eyes, are secretly mourning with them, over their slaughtered religion and liberties! But in this hour of general consternation and terror, when hope seemed to have breathed its last, despair sat lowering on every countenance, and the Genius, the black, the sullen Genius of popery, “grinn’d horrible a ghastly smile:”—  
hark!

hark! hark! the glad trumpets found, the cannons roar,  
 the Hero gains the happy shore! God looked from on  
 high, he heard the sighings of the prisoners, he saw the  
 designs, the black designs of the sons of superstition and  
 violence, inspired the immortal WILLIAM with his own  
 generous and benevolent spirit, threw confusion on all  
 the schemes of Britain's foes, drove the unhappy monarch,  
 with tremendous ruin down to infamy and woe, and  
 caused the fair form of liberty divine, once more to lift  
 her drooping head and triumph.

What your feelings, Sirs, may be, at the recollection  
 of these former days, I cannot say. But for my own  
 part, I freely confess to you, I can never think of them  
 but with a glow of gratitude which no words can describe,  
 and with an holy adoring awe, of which a solemn  
 silence is the best description.

I might call to your remembrance the former days,  
 even since the memorable period of the revolution, when  
 in the latter end of the reign of Queen *Ann*, the enemies  
 of our happy constitution had again almost effected, the  
 restoration of a popish Pretender, and the destruction of  
 British liberty. But that God, who is privy to the most  
 secret designs of the most crafty, of the enemies of his  
 people, again blasted all their hopes by the sudden death  
 of the Queen, and the elevation of the House of *Hanover*,  
 in the person of GEORGE the First, the illustrious great  
 grandfather of our present Sovereign. A Prince, whose  
 memory cannot but be dear to every genuine protestant,  
 to every grateful Englishman. Nor should we ever forget  
 the arduous struggles of our generous NEWCASTLES, and  
 other



other patriots in that trying period; to which, under God, we owe all our present civil and religious liberties.

Nor can I wholly omit, upon this occasion, to remind you of those unnatural rebellions in the year 1715, and 1745, by which an attempt was made to demolish the fair fabric of British liberty, and to erect in its stead, under the bloody standard of a popish vagrant, the gloomy edifice of arbitrary power, and popish superstition.

But time forbids me further to enlarge.—From what has been said, you cannot, I think, avoid feeling the propriety of the exhortation in our text,—Call to remembrance the former days, wherein ye were dreadfully buffeted, and experienced a fight of afflictions.—How much instruction is to be derived from it I need not say. The history of those past times which we are particularly led to recollect on this day, is big with instruction of the most interesting nature. It shews us particularly, what human nature is, and what Popery is, and what it will most probably again attempt to do, should it ever gain, which God forbid! the ascendancy.—It sounds moreover an alarm in our ears; it calls upon us to watch, to be circumspect, to take heed, lest what has been, should be again. It calls upon the clergy of the establishment, and amongst the dissenters, and upon masters and heads of families, to disseminate with diligence and care the grand principles of Protestantism and free enquiry; the sufficiency of the scriptures, in opposition to traditions; and the right of private judgment, in opposition to ecclesiastical tyranny, and imposition upon the consciences of men. Whilst ignorance prevails, Popery will gain an easy triumph, but before the rays of knowledge it vanishes away

away.—Again, This devout recollection of past events, is calculated as I have observed, to awaken our gratitude. Our gratitude to the God of Providence, and to the God of Grace, for our present many invaluable mercies. Ah! how different might it have been with us, from what it is! We might have been at this instant enveloped in Popish darkness, or suffering beneath its cruelties! We might have been tools of a despotic tyrant, and held our lives,—our liberties,—and our all, at the caprice of his will! But, blessed be God, we live under a constitution of freedom, can sit under our own vines and fig-trees without fear, and dare call our consciences our own. Privileges, which I pray God may be continued to our latest posterity; and, if possible, extended to the whole world!—Or should any, engaged as we are in a most unhappy war, and hearing of wars and rumours of wars, be ready secretly to dread what the end of these things may be; yet still, calling to mind former days, let this be your consolation,—He that hath delivered, and doth deliver, is able yet again to deliver. Let our trust be ever in Him, our firm dependence fixed upon Him! Gloomy as the prospect may be, and gloomy it most certainly is, yet still The Lord reigneth; let the earth therefore be glad, and the inhabitants of this isle particularly, rejoice at the remembrance of his former mercies.

And be it as it will with us, with respect to the present fluctuating state, the fashion whereof passeth away, the people of God have always this consolation, that ere long they shall be all safely landed on that peaceful happy shore, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest for ever!

POSTSCRIPT,





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# L E T T E R.

S I R,

“ A S I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, perhaps I should have no other method of communicating to you my sentiments on a late performance, which has appeared under your name \*. If you do not disown † it, give me leave to speak to you as to the author. It is a discourse which you call a *sermon*, a name which I shall take care not to bestow on it ‡; it's too sacred a name, as implying the word of God, to belong to a speech whose end is *misrepresentation*, to perpetuate hatred, nourish prejudice against a party which we have reasons right or wrong, never to approve of §. I shall

## R E M A R K S.

\* And as you, Sir, have not done me the honour to acquaint me with your address and place of abode, I have no other method but this public one, of communicating to you my sentiments on your Letter.

† PROTESTANT Ministers are not used to disown what they put their names to—they leave such honourable practices to Popish Priests.

‡ Really, Sir, it's a matter of great indifference to the Author, what name you bestow on it. The discourse will be the same.

§ I have only stated FACTS, and the irrefragable evidence on which they are founded; I leave my readers to

shall not give myself the trouble to refute you ||. I have neither the time nor see the necessity, when those things you have thought proper to renew the *remembrance of*, have been so many times, in so many books, answered and accounted for §. It is surprizing in the present times of dawning tranquility \*, you should be so anxious thus to disturb †

R E M A R K S.

draw what inferences from them they please. With respect to some of the most capital of these facts, I have produced the authority of writers of your own communion: are not these unexceptionable witnesses? Misrepresentation, is a weapon which no Protestant can be under the least temptation to make use of in opposing Popery. The plain simple narrative of its principles and practices, forms a more cruel satyr upon it, than the keenest wit of man could possibly invent.

|| A very wise and prudent determination—but why then write to me?

§ True, they have been accounted for, but how? Why the very principles of popery are bloody, and † it is therefore very easily accounted for, why their practices, wherever they have had the power in their hands, have been bloody too.

\* Tranquility to whom? Why to Papists. But the misfortune is, tranquility, as it is called, to them, is too generally persecution to all the world besides.

† What! Must not a Protestant Minister remind his people of former days, without being charged with disturbing and obtruding, as you oddly phrase it, the public tranquility? We see however what we have to expect from Papists.

turb it again, or to obtrude it. Peruse, if you will †, *The free enquiry into the methods us'd to prevent the growth of popery* : it is a lately printed pamphlet, a production from Scotland ; or give me leave to refer you to another book, perhaps for you of a more credible authority, as being the work of a minister of the Church of England : It is called an *Essay towards a proposal for catholic communion* : you will see therein His sentiments on our real principles and practice §. You are pleased to pay us a compliment, in acknowledging us of more *gentle, meek dispositions* || ; yet you cannot refrain from suspecting deceit, from dreading a sort of disguised treachery under so winning an appearance † : You express yourself as if still in dread and fears, lest under this cover, the blackest designs, bloody schemes lie lurking, you, therefore, give the salutary caution to others \*. Sir, your uneasiness on this head really seems to be so great, that you will excuse me for giving you the following information, which, as futile as it would be upon another occasion, the seriousness of your apprehensions makes

seasonable

R E M A R K S.

‡ Suppose I have already?—However, in return for your civility, let me recommend to your perusal, that most excellent work, entitled—*POPERY ALWAYS THE SAME*.

§ And what then? Whoever reads my sermon, will see MINE.

|| Some of you, I doubt not, are—but I never acknowledged this of you all.

† And is this a matter of wonder to you?

\* I do so. And were you in my place, would not you do the same?



seasonable enough. *No orders have been given for knives to be got ready to cut your throats with, nor do we think\* about it*: this you may depend upon: therefore pacify yourself and Cong——n. A pity! Talents should be made use of for no better purpose than that of a *hasty composition* †. You move, you say, *within a narrow sphere of employment*, yet you dare ‡ alarm the public, implicitly contradict, condemn the sense of the nation ||, now grown  
more

R E M A R K S.

\* Thank you, Sir, for your information! but when you write next to me, I beg you will further inform me? how you know what any one THINKS, besides yourself, Are you in league with the celebrated Herman Boaz, the Conjuror? Besides, there may be no need to give fresh orders for knives, as there are enough made already, together with thumb screws, and a variety of other pretty little inventions that were brought over in the invincible popish Armada, and which are preserved to this day in the Tower of London.

† Pray, Sir, why should the hastiness of the composition so much discompose you? A composition is not the less TRUE for being HASTY.

‡ Yes, Sir, living as I do under a free protestant government, I DARE speak the truth, which if I lived under a popish government, I should not dare to do, I am very sensible, without paying dearly for my insolence.

|| Wherein? Have I pleaded for severity against Papists any more than Protestants? And is it the sense of the nation that we should not be reminded of former days, and excited to watchfulness against the seducing wiles of those from whom, in times past, we have suffered so much? God forbid!

more indulgent towards a particular set of fellow subjects, because more disengaged from the mist of prejudice raised by the fury of former times §. Those former times you want to renew *the remembrance of*, which the more sensible part of the nation thinks more reasonable to bury in oblivion ||. Shall I say, that you see with pain, serenity and calm return † ; an injured, a better deserving neighbour more regarded \* ; Where is charity observed in such a proceeding † ? Also where is justice, if the things related to the memory of others have not been previously discussed, examined into according to the strictest rules of veracity ?

#### R E M A R K S.

§ The more indulgent Government is to our popish fellow subjects, (and whatever indulgence can be given them consistent with the great law of SELF-PRESERVATION, I am sure I wish them to enjoy from my very heart;) the more diligent should Protestant Ministers be, lest popery, under such indulgence, should so far spread as to become again the established religion of the land. Than which, a greater evil, I think could not befall us.

|| It may admit of some dispute who are the more sensible part of the nation. No doubt, Sir, you look upon yourself as one of them.

† You may if you please : but you'll say what is not true : my pain arises from the fear of a dreadful storm, not from the return of serenity and calm.

\* This gives me no pain I assure you, for I have learn't to love even my popish neighbour, as myself—but must I not therefore guard my fellow protestants against the dangerous principles and practices of popery ?

† Wherein is it violated ?

city †? If whilst the evil is represented in its most horrid colours, its attenuation, or a total exculpation from it, is not also mentioned, where it ought to be done to the discharge of the wrongfully accused §? In a word, Sir, if you are pleased to look upon us as of a more *tractable* and *less ferocious* temper ||, to what purpose have you rehearsed the heap of those infamous old stories of which you have taken the pains to make so ample a collection in your discourse †. No doubt there are *former days* good to be remembered \*. But there are *former days*, if possible ever to be forgotten †. Especially when you might be told that  
your

## REMARKS.

† But the things I have related have been thus discussed and examined.

§ Facts, Sir, are stubborn things. There's no complaisance about them. They'll bend to no one. They won't admit of attenuation, or exculpation. And to attenuate, much less exculpate savage violence and murder, for conscience sake, is not the work of a protestant Minister, whatever it may be of a popish Priest.

|| I hope you are ; but I confess, if you should once get into power, I should be dreadfully afraid to trust you.

† I have told you, in the sermon, for what purpose I rehearsed these stories, and need not therefore repeat it here. These old stories, I acknowledge, are INFAMOUS indeed, the more so because they are unquestionably true ; but to whom the INFAMY of them belongs, it is, I presume no very difficult matter to determine.

\* Do you mean when Popery was triumphant, and the fires of Smithfield smoaking? Those are the very days I wish to have remembered.

† Perhaps, you mean, when the clouds of popish su-



your own interest intervenes in it †. At least ought you to have staid till we had given some reason to change the present manner of thinking in our regard, and not beforehand strike terror into minds\*.

“As to the other things which you denominate by the usual title of the *absurdities of the Church of Rome*; we are used to the attack; and they have been over and over again sufficiently proved to deserve a more respectful name. But when solid argument and principles of reasoning will ever be laid aside, or not attended to, whenever it is in their behalf, we must not expect ever to see them obtain their proper rank among *sacred truths* and *miseries*, whose *essential merit* is to be above human understanding †, and to be

#### REMARKS.

perdition were dispersed, and the light of the Reformation dawned upon us. But these days, we think, ought also to be remembered. Or, if you mean the days in which popery unmasked itself, and appeared in its genuine colours—we think these days should not be forgotten, unless by forgetting them we could prevent the revival of them.

† I suppose you mean, because I am a Protestant Dissenter, and you are a Popish Dissenter. But really, Sir, I cannot think the growth of popery much for the INTEREST of Protestants of any denomination.

\* That is, if I may be allowed the simile, we ought to have staid till the house was plundered, and burnt down, and THEN to have alarmed the family.

† It is above my understanding, to know whether a wafer, and which as the Romanists themselves allow, retains, even after the consecration, or the solemn mummery of

be chiefly warranted by *the known authority of a revealing God.*

I remain, Sir,

Your most humble and  
obedient Servant,

Jo—F——n t.

“ N. B. I

#### R E M A R K S.

HOC EST CORPUS MEUM, (from whence comes the vulgar phrase HOCUS POCUS) all the accidents of a wafer, the form, the colour, the appearance, the taste, the smell: is it ABOVE my understanding to know, after all, whether it be a wafer, or the body of Christ, the flesh, bones, and blood of that very body which died on the cross? ABOVE my understanding, to determine, whether a hundred or a hundred thousand of these wafers, made use of in different Masses at the same time, be so many real wafers, or so many real bodies of Christ? I pray you then, Sir, what can be EQUAL to my understanding?—But did not Christ say—THIS IS MY BODY? Yes. And did he not say—I AM THE DOOR? I AM THE VINE? But did any one in their senses, ever think Christ was really and literally a DOOR, or a VINE TREE? And did he not say of the sacramental cup, *This cup is the New Testament*? But you yourself do not understand these words, though they are sacramental ones, *literally*? Indeed it seems an insult to common sense, to reason about an absurdity so monstrous, as that of transubstantiation, which I cannot but think and hope, with the great Archbishop Tillotson, will in the end prove to be like a mill stone hung about the neck of Popery, which must sink it at the last.

“ It might well seem strange,” as the same writer observes, “ If any man should write a book, to prove that an

" N. B. I repeat again, this is addressed to you inasmuch as you will acknowledge yourself to be the author of the Discourse advertised in the last week papers, *remember former Days*; not otherwise \*."

I shall

REMARKS.

" *Egg* is not an *Elephant* and that a *Musket Ball* is not a *Pike*: It is every whit as hard a case, to be put to main-  
 "tain by a long discourse, that what we see, and handle,  
 "and taste, to be *bread*, is *bread*, and not the *Body of a*  
 " *Man*; and what we see and taste to be *Wine*, is *Wine* and  
 "not *Blood*: and if this evidence may not pass for suf-  
 "ficient without any farther proof, I do not see why any  
 "man, that hath confidence to do so, may not deny any  
 "thing to be what all the world sees it is; or affirm any  
 "thing to be what all the world sees it is not; and this  
 "without any possibility of being farther confuted. So  
 "that the business of *Transubstantiation* is not a contro-  
 "verfy of Scripture against Scripture, or of Reason against  
 "Reason, but of downright impudence against the plain  
 "meaning of Scripture, and all the Sense and Reason of  
 "Mankind."

† The name of one of the Popish Priests in this city, is FOUNTAIN.

\* Why question me a second time about a Discourse to which I have prefixed my name? Would you terrify me into a denial of it? No, Sir, as yet, I bless God, my courage does not fail me. What might be the case, should the  
 "fangs of popery, be unmuffled, and it should have liberty  
 "to open and expand them," I dare not say. I doubt not  
 "but their gripe would be dreadful. But, Hallelujah! the  
 "Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and He knoweth them  
 "that trust in him."



I shall conclude this long, and, I fear, some will think it tedious postscript, with the following quotation from an excellent Letter which appeared last week, under the signature of *Aratus*.

But "*Popery is not what it was*"—it seems—"it is time we should conquer prejudice."—Let me entreat of these unprejudiced advocates for the encouragement of Popery, to inform me, IN WHICH of *their tenets have they ceased to have faith?*—We suffer no injury from their tenets—Why?—Because, as yet, the FANGS of Popery are *muffled*. Give it liberty to sharpen, and expand them—and then let us give our judgement of their *gripe*.

"Popery is the religion of France—and yet we hear of no cruelties in consequence of its being in power\*." True—but in France, *there is no danger of the Protestants gaining the ascendant*: They bear no proportion to the Papists—*of course can excite no jealousy*. In England, though Popery were to get into power, there would still remain a body of Protestants, which would keep the priesthood in perpetual uneasiness—and subject the Protestants to every cruelty and tyranny they could devise—conscious how much their tenets are abhorred, and how desirous the Protestants must ever be, to shake off their yoke. The creed of every individual would be scrutinized—and Smithfield soon

\* But did we not hear of dreadful cruelties there in the reign of *Lewis XIV.* and *Lewis XV?* And though, from *political* motives, these cruelties are restrained for the present, yet the state of the Protestants in France, it is well known, is, even now, exceedingly abject and humiliating; nor have they the least security against the renewal of those cruelties which are so recent in their memories;

soon re-kindle its fires. Popery is—and must remain—the same—until its execrable tenets are reprobated. Are there not still inquisitions in Spain and Portugal?—And shall we not admit the wretches from their dungeons to give evidence?—I object to no man's creed, *provided it be not dangerous to my life, property, and liberty*—but when he holds principles that endanger my safety, *If I am not an idiot, I should do my utmost to bind his hands.*

“ But these fears are vain—for have not Parliament provided, that *no man shall teach, or preach, till he hath taken the oath of allegiance—and sworn that the Pope has no power to absolve him from that oath?*”—And must not every thinking Papist, who takes this oath, laugh at our folly whilst he is swallowing it?—The Papists, Sir, treat us like children, as we deserve. To deny the *Pope's supremacy*—to deny the *Pope's infallibility*—is in fact, Sir, to deny **POPERY!!!** Their taking such an oath, demonstrates how lightly they view the obligation.—The Pope has given the English Papists *leave to deny his authority*—and the people of England are quite satisfied with the imposition!—Let them be told, Sir, that no man is a Papist, who thinks the Pope cannot absolve him from any oath. There may be—and I believe are—many popish gentlemen, whose *honour* would get the better of their *religion*—but particular exceptions affect not my argument. *Before a man can be a Papist, he must give up his reasoning faculties.*—And all the world knows, that *to be a Papist*, the priest must have the sole direction of his conscience. He demands implicit obedience—and to question his authority and power to absolve from all crimes—is no less than to question the truth of *the very religion* which the Papist professes. I lately heard an Irish Earl relate the following anecdote of his grandfather. As an insurrection of the  
Papists

Papists was then expected in Ireland, the Earl's grandfather, conversing familiarly with one of his popish tenants (a good kind of man whom he had favoured) told him that he was sure that *he* would not have any hand in murdering him, should the Papists prevail. "No—said the farmer—I never would hurt your Lordship."—But said the Peer—"Suppose the *priest* should tell you that it is the *Pope's order*—and that it is *for the good of the church*"—"O, then," said the poor Papist—your Lordship knows *I could not disobey the Pope.*"

Yet, for argument's sake, even if we were to grant that every Papist who has, or may take this same oath will so far forget his religion as to disobey the Pope, though he should command him to break it—What then?—Is want of allegiance to the *King*, *all* that we have to apprehend, or that we should wish to guard against!—Is nothing to be dreaded from their known enmity to our *religion—laws—liberty*? *Will it be of no bad consequence to this country, if England should become the abode of all those Jesuits, whom even Roman Catholic kingdoms have thought it prudent to banish?*—Are we to be indifferent, if attended by crowds of Monks, &c. they disperse themselves in every county—and **OPENING CHAPELS AND SCHOOLS**, seduce our youth from Protestantism, and instil in its place, the pernicious tenets of Rome?—If we are to take no steps to ward off this impending evil—with all my heart—let Popery flourish—it will in twenty years be the religion of England. It is the fashion to think it an harmless religion—and *fashion* is every thing!—Opposition, as well as Ministry—approve the "*principle*" on which Popery is to be encouraged. We have hitherto been in a vulgar error. We have been simple enough to believe history—but now find, that



that whoever would not be firm under the dominion of "prejudice," must take for granted, that every page in it is false. Bloody Queen Mary was a saint—the massacre of Paris and Ireland—a fiction. Arbitrary power is a mere bug-bear—no way connected with Popery.—For my own part, Sir, since it is so much the *ton* for both sides of each House of Parliament, to *viz* WHICH shall favour Popery most—and we are turning so very "enlightened," and "liberal,"—I shall not be surprized if I live to see Friars—White, Black and Grey—and Monks, and Capuchins, of all orders and colours of the rainbow—walking our streets, quite at their ease, in their proper vestments!"

February 1, 1779.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

I TAKE this opportunity of informing my readers that after the preceding Postscript was first sent to the press, Mr. FOUNTAIN the Romish Priest, has sent me a second Letter, which was followed, the same evening, by a THIRD, conveyed into my house under my door, and which was intended, it seems, as a more correct copy of that which was sent before; and the next morning comes a FOURTH, to apologise for the unhandsome manner in which that which I received the evening before, was undesignedly conveyed to me. And yet after all this writing, and copying, and correcting, and apologising, the Priest tells me, *he has no time to engage himself in a dispute with me.* To which I beg leave to reply, that neither have I any time to throw away upon his impertinent letters, and that I do not wish therefore to be troubled with any more of them. If I have said any thing which I cannot support, let him publicly expose and confute me; I have not spoken in secret.

He tells me in one of his letters, with an air of triumph, that though *He runs away from me, to employ himself more to the purpose, yet the books in which such trite difficulties as I have proposed are answered, are not run away.* To which I might reply, 'tis well for him they are not, for he has taken care in his letters  
not



not to answer one of these difficulties. But I rather chuse to reply that neither is the BIBLE run away, in which the mystery of Antichrist is so plainly revealed, and the great WHORE OF BABYLON, that should deceive all nations by her lying wonders, and the deceivableness of unrighteousness, is so plainly pointed out, that he that runs may read, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err in the interpretation. On this subject I beg leave to refer to Bishop *Newton* and Bishop *Hurd* on the prophecies, and *Lowman* and *Reader* on the Apocalypse.

Mr. *Fountain* does not so much as attempt to answer the observation that Christ says as positively—*I AM the Door—I AM the Vine—and this cup is the new testament*, as ever he said of the Bread—*This is my body*: but only laments my infidelity and profaneness, and tells me a deal about Christ's *spiritual body*, and its not remaining in the same *material commensurable* state, nor being subject to the same rules of *measure and place* as our *natural bodies*. I had read the same kind of unintelligible jargon in popish books before. But is it not easy to reply, that whatever be the peculiar nature of the *spiritual risen body* of Christ, if it still be a body, it must be the object of the SENSES. Accordingly we find that when our Lord, *after his resurrection*, suddenly appeared to his disciples, and they were affrighted, thinking they had seen a spirit, he appeals to their SENSES to prove the contrary. See Luke 24. 39. Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: HANDLE ME AND SEE, for a SPIRIT HATH NOT FLESH AND BONES AS YE SEE ME HAVE. Besides, if this *spiritual body* of Christ, which every papist supposes he swallows down his throat, under the accidents of a wafer, and which he firmly believes is the *very identical body*, however spiritualised and with whatever *spiritual qualities* it be endued, that suffered upon the cross,—if this body be not *material and commensurable*, nor subject to the rules of *measure and place*, how comes it to be so exactly *measured out*, every time mass is celebrated, under the *accidents* of as many wafers, and regularly *placed* upon as many *tongues*, and swallowed down as many *throats*, as there are communicants?—I pity from my heart those poor deluded creatures who are thus taught to BELIEVE A LYE, and wish there was more zeal both amongst the Clergy and Laity of every denomination of Protestants, to dissipate the clouds of popish darkness, and to spread the light of the truth as it is in Jesus, that the mystery of iniquity may be consumed with the spirit of his mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of his coming.

And should Mr. *Fountain's* unsought for correspondence with me, awaken such a zeal, I shall have reason greatly to rejoice

rejoice in it, and to admire and adore that wise and gracious providence, which

"From *seeming evil* still educes *good*,

"And *better* thence again, and *better* still,

"In infinite progression!"

On the subject of the mass there was an excellent piece published some years since, printed for *Griffin* in the Strand, entitled, *SACRIFICIUM MISSATICUM, MYSTERIUM INIQUITATIS, or a treatise concerning the sacrifice of the Mass*; in which the subject is handled with great learning and acuteness, and which I think it is scarcely possible for an upright honest minded Papist to read, without being convinced of the impiety and blasphemy of that horrid doctrine of transubstantiation. I will only add, surely there was never a time more proper than the present for the spread of that admirable little piece, given away by the Book-Society, in London, printed for *Field*, entitled—*A Protestant's Resolution: shewing his reasons why he will never be a Papist*: with other books of a like nature.

N. B. Mr. *Fountain* desires me to correct a mistake in his first letter, in which, through inadvertence, he uses the word *obtrude* instead of *obstruct*—A greater mistake than this, is certainly very excusable in a foreigner, nor should I have noticed it, but that I did not think myself at liberty to alter the words of my opponent, lest I should be supposed to have misrepresented his meaning.

THE END.





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